

## THE HEROINE OF A STRIKE

**MARY JANE M'MAHON WORKED BE-  
CAUSE SHE HAD PROMISED.**

**Finally Driven Insane by Her Cow-  
ardly Tormentors—Her Persecu-  
tors Go Unpunished:**

New York Evening Sun.

Mary Jane McMahon, the mill woman of Paterson, N. J., who fought half a thousand strikers single handed for three months, will be removed to-day from the county jail at Paterson to an asylum, insane, the report is.

The woman, who is the subject of the present this woman, who is more of a heroine than many persons fortunate enough to gain fame and reward, is little better than a maniac. Her employers, to whom she remained steadfast throughout the most extraordinary circumstances, and who owe her a great debt, will see to it that she has proper care, and will use every available means to restore her reason. Meaningless the men who are so much to be pitied go south, and consider their work a triumph. They boast of it on the street corners near the mill where the women worked, and even taunt the unfortunate woman's sister with the fact that "Mary Jane is in the bug-house," as they call it. This is all in violation of a number of injunctions which were issued against the strikers in the Court of Chancery a week ago.

It is to be regretted that the women, being in violation of the same injunctions, and there seems to be no remedy.

The daily adventures of Mary Jane—no one calls her by her surname in Paterson—have been recited from time to time, and everybody in Paterson knows of them, but there is more in the story than what has thus far appeared in print.

Mary Jane was born in the autumn of forty-two years old, and she is a martyr to her word of honor. That to her was the most sacred thing in the world. She was not particularly bright, her keener companions were the operators who worked in the mill none of them higher place in the estimation of the proprietors. Her physical health, was a skilled weaver and throughout the neighborhood was known for her good works.

She had four children, but four things beside how to run a loom. First was work—constant, never-ending work. She always said: "I don't want to be a weaver," was her motto. In her purse she had carried since childhood a small medal that was given to her by her mother. The motto on the reverse of it was that motto which had guided her all her life. Next came charity. It is said that she had given away more than she was distressed nearly all the money that she earned, and not a weaver in the mill could give her a thing. Her motto was that word of honor, which, once given, was followed blindly even to destruction, if need be. Her motto was that motto which was her church, to which she was devoted to a degree that made her a figure even in the eyes of the people. She was a parishioner of St. John's Roman Catholic Church, of Main and Grand streets, Paterson. She was a member of the St. John's edifice that she was attacked by her tormentors last Saturday night and driven to her confession every Saturday night and they would have then.

**NOT UP TO THE PAPERS.**

Mary Jane became a figure in the newspapers last March when the operatives in the ribbon mill of Frank & Dugan struck

There had never been any trouble in the mill until three weeks before the strike, when some new men operatives were taken in to help fill a hurry order. Some of these new men were from the south and the old hands sided with them and demand was made for increased wages. The firm agreed to an increase and the new scale was adopted by a vote of the operatives. Mary Jane McMahon voting in the affirmative. The next day the men went to work had passed before the agitators ordered a strike in the face of their agreement, and they threatened her. She said, "No, I gave my word and I'll keep it. I'm not afraid of you."

The mill was closed down, but every day the woman went to the mill and offered to work. The agitators were so afraid of the strikers who were gathered about the factory door, they feared her and pushed her away. She said she was glad that she had not been a match even for the men in physical strength, and at last she won her point.

The mill was reopened with her as the only operative. Then their systematic persecution began. The first day the district of Paterson turned out to see her go to and from work. It was a sight. The strikers gathered in front of the mill and when good as they gave, and the single loom ran regularly. The police were called out, but they were not allowed to go in. The strikers gave place to rougher treatment. The

Mary Jane was pelted with ancient vegetables, and when she was alone she was pulled and pushed upon by the men in the crowd, and pinched until she cried out with pain. But this did not stop the efforts. They layd her at night and tortured her. She was high-spirited and would not be made a laughing stock. She went about as usual, but it was only to be assailed from all sides. She was pulled at the doorways and from behind fences and trees in dark places along Straight street, where she was often caught. She was pulled and assailed. Sometimes they tore her clothes, and always they huried at her the epithets "Scab" and "Wop." She was forced to go to the print. There was but one thing that they failed to do, and that was to assault her. She would have meant ridicule even among those who sympathized in the strike.

Mary Jane's answer to their attacks was always this: "I've got a right to make my living. This is a free country and you ain't got to put me off of the street. I've got as much right here as any of you. You ain't men, you're brutes, an' if you'd come up and stand in front of a store and say 'I'll call call call loafers and one night she was arrested as a disorderly person for applying the word to her chief persecutor. She had repeated her declaration of her rights so

Then that, at last, the words took too firm a hold on her mind—none too strong any way—and her sister, Mrs. Elvin, with whom she lived, was the first to notice that she was different from her old self. She did not sleep at night, but lay repeating her protest. To show her persecutors that she did not fear them she would repeat her protest in the day, and her sufferings were increased accordingly. At last Mrs. Elvin, fearing that her sister might collapse, went to Frank & Dungan and they arranged to have her taken to the Soldiers' Sanatorium at Jackson Street, Paterson. They thought that the spiritual consolation which the sisters at the home could give Mary Jane would help to tide her

then, inspired by Mary Jane's example, others of the old employees were coming back and then there was a lull. But Miss McMahon was restless at the home and after a week she returned to her old job. She had been told, however, one of the curstest of John's.

It was on the night of her return that her old enemy met her and attacked her. He was backed by a crowd of men. Mary Jane and her friends tried to get her away, but the constable stepped out of the crowd and placed her under arrest. It looked as if the woman would be sent to jail, but when she came to the woman's rescue, and after spending a night in jail she was released. She was taken to the police station for a test, walking up and down all the night. In the Police Court the next morning she was released. The judge, however, the constables said, but the recorder let her go, although he half believed the statement, and she was free. Mary Jane was not there at that time, but they knew what they could do and they kept their course. The next day she came to the home. She screamed out her protest, and they all laughed at her. "Sing Mary Jane, one of them!" she said, and showed a club. In Robin of physical strength she was not equal to them, but she responded and sang, "Robin, I'll be True."

to Thee." A policeman heard the song and out of pity he drove the men away and took the woman home. Then Frank & Dugan sent her to a retreat away from Paterson. That was four weeks ago. They kept the place of her retreat a secret and hoped to keep her there, but she came back a week ago last Saturday and on Monday morning she went to the mill to work. Her



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ormentors saw her and surrounded her. Dr. Dugan rescued her and took her into the mill. She declared that she would not be sent away again but her employers were arranging to take her away when the culmination of the affair came. It was last Saturday night.

**DRIVEN TO INSANITY.**

The woman went to St. John's to confession. There was a circus in a vacant lot back of the church, and in the crowd about the church were Herold and his crowd. When the chase to the Catholic church with hoots and yells, yet the police did not interfere. Then her chief annoyance waited for her. At a few minutes after 3 o'clock Mary Jane appeared. She was frightened

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<b>SPRINGFIELD AND COLUMBUS LINE</b>	

"I was arraigned before Recorder  
 John O. Sumner, who said I was  
 a minor and showed the bruises on  
 my arms and shoulders where they had pinched  
 me. But I was not arrested," said  
 the woman, who was surrounded by  
 men in uniform by the men who laughed at  
 her before the bar in the presence of the  
 judge. The woman had a protest before  
 the court, and the sympathy of the  
 audience. The woman bowed an ac-  
 cused, in an exaggerated manner.  
 County, County Physician Dr. W.  
 William K. Newton, who was employed by  
 Frank C. Dugan, pronounced her insane.  
 "The woman could not be held in jail  
 and await transportation to the Morris Plains  
 insane asylum as a matter of fact. But  
 she was taken to a private hospital in  
 New York, where will not be divested, for  
 the physicians say that she may recover—

Next Wednesday, week Vice Chancellor Robert L. Egan will appear before the board to hear arguments on the injunction against Deardorff, Millership, Farrell, Eagan and Muncie. Egan said he expects the board to find guilty of contempt of the Chancery Court they will be punished. But Illinois' Supreme Court may not agree. Mary Jane McMahon, who stuck to her sacred word, but knew nothing of "discretion" and "discretionary" powers, said she was

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Dayton and Xenia	.....	8.20

recent decades. And, we discuss the reasons why sympathy for the poor gets into trouble. The man who keeps track of the cash for a large institution is responsible for the man who gets into trouble. The man who keeps track of the cash for a large institution is responsible for the man who gets into trouble. The man who keeps track of the cash for a large institution is responsible for the man who gets into trouble.

ability, a quick reaction to resent and things that sort. Again, I have known a few people who are more... I have	Coleridge and East... .. \$ 3.95
in some cases of thoroughly developed melancholy. The wonder to me is that so	Spencer Accommodation... .. 1.00
many of these people are to be found among	Layton and New York... .. 1.00
mental collapse are to be found among the	Columbus, Ind. Accommodation... .. 1.30
men who spend their lives in handling large	Leopards and Chicago... .. 1.25
business. The dread which constantly haunts	<b>VANDALIA LINE</b>
the bookkeeper is something terrific. The	terre Haute and St. Louis... .. \$ 7.25
out of balance, and in many cases the ac-	terre Haute, St. Louis and West... .. 11.25
count does not enjoy that system of	terre Haute and Indianapolis... .. 4.00
	terre Haute and Chicago... .. 4.00
	terre Haute and St. Louis... .. 4.00

As he goes along, Bankin tells his clients close their accounts as they go along and that he will be in charge of making the proper charges, the credits and the balances generally at the end of each month. He says that he has no "retained" clearances. This makes the work of the auditor very simple. But the auditor need not fall to another class of accountants who are forced to handle large amounts of business in a very short way and then the other at the settling

menitions, and for various purposes, and each day's sun  
menitions, in the regular course of things,  
have to take due bills from stockholders  
menitions, and who have many other  
practices to deal with. These things  
to the very vitals of his professional ef-  
ficiency, and his business is ruined. His  
confidence he is constantly haunted by  
and he reads that some small error, through no  
willful neglect, has cost him a large sum  
approach him in one way or the other.  
The point is that the bookkeeper is not  
on solid lines, by overlooking his duties  
due bill, or something of that sort. On the  
other hand, the bookkeeper is not satisfied  
much has been paid out in the received  
course of business, and the employer will  
the company's business, and the bookkeeper  
and the outputs must balance, but the poor  
bookkeeper constantly finds himself tolling  
near into the nick, in the end, he is  
this happy result. He knows that the  
difference of a hair's  
breadth, figuratively  
the employer scans the balance sheet, for in  
his person aroused suspicion he feels  
that the person

is involved in only joys.

as he goes along. Banking institutions close their accounts as they go along and the men who work in these institutions are the clerks, the credits and the balances generally at the end of each day's work, thanks to the system of the clearing-house. This is the way of the honest man in the bank easier. But the harder lot falls to another class of accountants who are forced to handle large amounts of money daily, money in money in various amounts of various denominations, and for various purposes, and they are obliged to pay it out the same way, men who, in the regular course of things, have to take due bills from stockholders and employees, and who have many other practices to deal with. These things are to the very vitals of his professional efficiency, and his personal integrity, and the absence of these is constantly haunting him. He reads that some small error, through his fault of his, will creep into his record to the disadvantage of his employer, and the point is that the bookkeeper is not sufficiently protected, for errors may slip in under some lines, by overlooking a misplaced bill, or something of that sort, and in the other hand, so much has been received and so much has been paid out in the regular course of business, and the bookkeeper will make the balance sheet for a correct story of the company's business. The incomes and expenses of the business, the bookkeeper's account frequently finds himself brought into the night in an effort to bring out this business. He knows that there must not be the slightest error in his record, figuratively speaking, when his eyes scan the balance sheet, for in this age of exactness he feels that his personal integrity is involved in the matter. Correct balances do not measure the professional efficiency of an accountant, but they also form a yardstick by which the employer measures moral worth of the man. These reflections are from my own experience, strengthened by sympathy with the balance-keepers of the world's business, footing up the profits and figuring the balance of the day's way and then the other at the setting of each day's sun."

**The Passion for Wealth.**

June Success.

Many a man has sacrificed the best part of himself in his struggle for success. He has given up his friendships, torn up the tender ties of his early years, sacrificed everything which he held dear, to the goal of his ambition. In his mad race for the "almighty dollar," all that is sacred in his social life has been lost to him. He has developed his money-getting powers, the faculties which grasp and hold the expense of all his nobler qualities. In middle life he suddenly awakens to the fact that he no longer loves music, that his admiration for poetry and painting is evaporated. He finds that he does linger by the wayside to drink in the glow of a sunset as he used to do. He no longer looks up on the banks in the grass to study the stars. He finds it difficult to carry on conversation in society as he once did. In fact, there is only a little life left in him, a little pleasure—his peace. In the narrow rut, between his office or store and his home, he finds only joy.